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the Daglightale

Augustana Faculty, University of Alberta

January
2007

Hot chocolate to warm up the hands



During the chilly days of December, hot chocolate and oranges were handed out to students from the Students Association, as well as chocolate bars from the Alumni Association. Martin Luther, pictured above, profited from the random acts of kindness. NICOLE MADU PHOTO

Augustana professor honoured for hard work, receives award

By NICOLE MADU
Co-Editor

The Faith and Life Lounge was full of faces, all gathered to share in the celebration of a wonderful event on November 7. Dr. Ingrid Urberg, professor of Scandinavian studies, was presented with the Royal Norwegian Order of Merit.

The presentation of the award was done by His Excellency Tor Bernthin Naess, Ambassador of Norway to Canada, who was impressed by the Norwegian background the university

has. He laughed that North America seems to have more Norwegians than Norway does.

The ceremony began with welcoming words from the Dean, Dr. Roger Epp. He was thrilled to have one of the professional staff being honoured in the way she was going to be.

His Excellency said that "she has made outstanding contributions to promote the Norwegian language and culture." This is one of the many reasons Dr. Urberg was awarded with the Order of Merit.

Dr. Urberg has a great passion and commitment to her teaching and combined with her warm personality, makes her the perfect person for the merit. She regularly travels back to Norway, immersing herself in the culture of the country.

This PhD bearing professor has taught the Norwegian language, Scandinavian culture and literature at Augustana since 1994. She has also taught Norwegian at all levels of education.

"It is really a great honour to receive this," said Dr. Urberg. "It's meaningful

to me that I am receiving this at the Augustana campus." She continued to thank her students, colleagues and friends, expressing her gratitude to this special people in her life. She said how happy she was that the campus and community could all celebrate in the event with her.

The Order of Merit was instituted in 1985 by King Olav V. It's purpose is to recognize the work of foreign citizens and Norwegian citizens who have permanent residency abroad who aid in promoting Norwegian interests through their extraordinary hard work.

An Augustana Tradition: How a Hissem works

A hissem occurs when there are 11 males and 1 female sitting at two cafeteria tables pushed together. What happens is, when a female is spotted at a table filled with males, the males are required to bang on the table as loud as possible and sing as loud as they can the following song:

"Happy Hissem to You.
Happy Hissem to You.

Happy Hissem Dear (insert female's name).
Happy Hissem to You."

At this point the female has two options: (a) she can get up and sing a song for the males with whom she is sitting with, or (b) she can get up and kiss each male at the table on the cheek. Either option is acceptable.

The only way to get out a harem is if the female stands up before the last male has sat down. Otherwise, you can't get a female friend of yours to claim that some male took her seat so it doesn't count. This doesn't work!! If there is an empty seat for a male sit down at and the female gets Hissemmed, it is her own fault for she should have been paying better attention

What if there are three cafeteria tables pushed together? In this case, it doesn't matter. As long as there are 11 males and 1 female at two tables, it is still a hissem. However, if the third table is filled with 6 males, then the hissem counts for that table as well as well.

Tammi Stone
REZ Life

...and how the Harem tradition works

A harem occurs when there are 11 females and 1 male sitting at two cafeteria tables pushed together. What happens is, when a male is spotted at a table filled with females, the females are required to bang on the table as loud as possible and sing as loud as they can the following song:

"Happy Harem to You.
Happy Harem to You.

Happy Harem Dear (insert male's name).
Happy Harem to You."

At this point the male has two options: (a) he can get up and sing a song for the females with whom he is sitting with, or (b) he can get up and kiss each female at the table on the cheek. Either option is acceptable.

The only way to get out a harem is if the male stands up before the last female has sat down. Otherwise, you can't get a male friend of yours to claim that some female took his seat so it doesn't count. This doesn't work!! If there is an empty seat for a female sit down at and the male gets Haremmed, it is his own fault for he should have been paying better attention.

What if there are three cafeteria tables pushed together? In this case, it doesn't matter. As long as there are 11 females and 1 male at two tables, it is still a harem. However, if the third table is filled with 6 females, then the harem counts for that table as well as well.

Tammi Stone
REZ Life

Environment issue increased in conversation

An interview with Professor Glen Hoenegaard explains that public still need understanding of issue

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at the following web link:
http://www.augustana.ca/include/auc_news/full_view.php?id=135

"Whatever befalls the Earth - befalls the sons of the Earth. Man did not weave the web of life - he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself."

-Ted Perry

This famous quote, usually attributed to Chief Seattle, gives voice to the connection between humans and the natural world, a reality we often forget in our lives. We take for granted that we can drive to work, sit in a comfortably heated room, read our emails or newspapers, answer our phones, and enjoy a choice of hot or cold drinks. We do not consider the resources that enable us to have this lifestyle - a lifestyle that wouldn't be possible without the Earth's resources.

When speaking with Glen Hoenegaard, Associate Professor at Augustana, you can hear an echo of Perry's words. But where Perry's quote is a beautifully rendered, quotable turn of words, Glen's words go beyond rhetoric and speak of action, of taking the

steps to finding a balance between our needs and wants with those of conserving the natural world.

"An ideal world would be sustainable where the needs and demands on the world can be met and the natural world can continue to function. I worry that the natural world is getting boiled down to just what we need - fish, wood, water - without considering its many other benefits, such as recreation, inspiration and education."

One of the first things to strike you when you listen to Glen is his passion for the natural world. The second is to wonder where he finds the time to engage in so many activities. From his teaching responsibilities at Augustana and his research projects (which more often than not include Augustana students as well) to his involvement in Camrose's Wildlife and Green Space Stewardship Project and the prestigious World Commission on Protected Areas, Glen puts his words and passion into action.

Glen's passion for conservation began with birds, "they were my window into the natural world." From his love of birds and the habitats in

which they reside, Glen then expanded his journey in environmental studies. To Glen, this now includes the conservation aspects of many other subjects, such as education, biodiversity, ecotourism, and geography.

Glen's journey has taken him from Victoria, B.C. to Thailand, where his PhD work focused on national parks and tourism. For conferences or research, he has traveled to every continent except Antarctica. His travels have broadened his perspectives but one can also surmise that they have contributed to his understanding of the "web of life" on our planet.

When Glen was hired in 1994 to teach geography at Augustana, he brought with him his passions. Those passions led to the Environmental Studies program at Augustana. As education is an important aspect of conservation, Glen seems to be exactly where he needs to be - educating the next generation to understand and respect the natural world.

Some of Glen's recent research projects include: working with Paul Johnson (Drama) to develop an environmental education program geared towards kids for Parks Canada;

and researching how birds can be used as biodiversity indicators on farmland under a grant from the North American Water Fowl Management Plan. In the near future, Glen hopes to examine the potential conservation benefits of wildlife festivals (e.g., financial, political, and educational) to wildlife.

When asked if he's noticed more awareness in environmental issues over the years, he replies, "The level of interest in conservation is growing but not the level of understanding the full implications of our activities. We need to have people who are interested and passionate, but the people who can combine these traits with deep knowledge, understanding, and concern will be the ones who will really push the issues." In a world where the effects of greenhouse gases, pollution, and overpopulation are debated in the media, our awareness of the issues is heightened but not our understanding.

Imagine if the world was filled with "strands" of individuals like Glen, who are passionate, knowledgeable and actively involved in weaving the web of the world. As Glen demonstrates in his words and actions, conservation has to be more than a conversation.

We would like to have a discussion started about the environment, the misconceptions people have and what people can do about the crisis we are in.

-Because we care about the world we live in-

Please submit articles to:
dagligtale@augustana.ca
or visit us in F205

A new generation of Canadian global citizens

Jan. 23, 2007 - For Immediate Release, Toronto - Dr. Alastair Summerlee, President of the University of Guelph, and the Chair of World University Service of Canada (WUSC), addressed the Empire Club in Toronto on January 11th, an event that drew record attendance. In his remarks, Dr. Summerlee provided new insights to this key audience on how Canadians of all ages are seizing new opportunities to become fully engaged, active global citizens.

"There is a surge of interest amongst Canadian students who want to make a difference in the world," says Summerlee. "For the last three years,

campus participation in WUSC's global outreach and development initiatives has more than tripled." Driving this change is a generation who have come of age during a period of sustained economic growth, as teenagers experienced 9/11 through global media, and are entering civic life 10 years after the battles of the FTA and NAFTA. They are expressing concerns about Canada's role in the world and how they can take action to make a difference."

WUSC, a leading international development organization for over six decades, is meeting this renewed interest with new opportunities for students to volunteer overseas. For instance,

Students Without Borders™ (www.wusc.ca/swb) provides up to 100 university and college students the opportunity to work with WUSC's overseas partners and earn academic credit. The students' experiences support WUSC's ongoing development work and contribute to achieving development results in Peru, Botswana, Malawi, Burkina Faso, Sri Lanka and Vietnam. Summerlee also previewed a new initiative designed to reach leading employers who want to foster global citizenship in their employees. "Increasingly, we see employees wanting to participate in our programs overseas," offers Summerlee. "We have developed

a new model that enables them to share their skills internationally and, on their return, share their learning at their workplace." Through the new Leave for Change program, employees devote part of their vacation while employers make a contribution to WUSC.

Leave for Change has been piloted through Uniteria, an innovative CIDA-funded partnership with CECI, a Montreal-based international development organization with whom WUSC partners. This year, 30 employees will be assisted by their employers to participate in WUSC and CECI's development projects on short-term volunteer assignments. The program is expected to grow to over 100 placements in coming months. Employers from all sectors are welcome to participate and to date, include Samson Belair, the City of Montreal and the University of Guelph ([see www.wusc.ca/leave](http://www.wusc.ca/leave)).

"These new initiatives are providing new opportunities for Canadians of all ages to participate in creating a more equitable world," says Dr. Summerlee. "In both Students Without Borders™ and Leave for Change, volunteers play a meaningful role with longstanding overseas partners and help deliver lasting results. This is why the activities of WUSC members have profound influences on people in many parts of the world, and I'm honoured to be part of this important and growing enterprise."

WUSC is a network of people and post-secondary institutions whose mission is to foster human development and global understanding through education and training. Active on over 70 campuses across Canada and in 17 countries overseas, WUSC has been engaging Canadians and improving lives for over six decades. Our alumni include leaders in the public, private and voluntary sectors in Canada and around the world.



SUBMITTED PHOTO

Halloween costumes were very creative this year, including the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, above, and this trio of Christmas trees, below, all decked out for a night out.



This is your opportunity to get creative!

Design a logo for *The Daglightale* and submit it. If you are the chosen winner, your logo will become the official logo, printed on the front cover of every issue!

Submit ideas to:
daglightale@augustana.ca
or drop them by the office

Want to say something...

Opinion

...We'll listen

Student Opinion

A Room Full of Physicists

I don't know how many others thought this, but Problem: A room full of Physicists

What happens when you mention God in a room full of physicists?

Observation has shown fairly constant results. If the net number of physicists remains the same in a room of constant volume, temperature will rise proportionally with the rise in pressure. People begin to sweat. No one dares voice an opinion, but eyes begin darting around the room, possibly to be looking for whose on what side; the existence or non-existence of the Divine.

Mention God in the middle of a room of chattering physicists, and it goes silent. That silence will go on and on until a disturbance creates a new wavelength of thought. My limited experience as a physics major is that no physicist in a group of physicists want to discuss the Divine. No one wants to add the potential energy that might make the system unstable. However, by carefully isolating a specimen, it's been observed that a physicist can spontaneously flip from non-believer to believer based on the amount of energy added to the system. Not all physicists exhibit these properties. I propose an experiment to determine the ratio of physicists who exhibit the believer property. First, I plan to mention God in a room full of physicists. I'll wait for the added energy to distribute evenly around the room and then open the door to let one specimen out. Experiment indicates that physicists will zoom out of the room to try and equalize the pressure, so my methods of opening that door will have to be discreet enough that most of them don't notice.

Because the physicist is already in a high energy state, if I so much as mention God, it will be easy to decipher whether they show the believer property or not. Physicists who don't show the believer property will instantly become volatile, while ones who exhibit the believer property will still talk to me. Through repetition of this experiment, I shall determine the ratio of believers to non-believers.

My hypothesis is that the ratio of believers to non-believers amongst physicists is actually in favour of believers, only because I myself believe in God.

Did it just get hotter in here?

-Reba Murphy



Thoughts on snow in December

It's cold, it's snowing and I want hot chocolate. But... it will probably be a white Christmas. This year has started with a bang in the snowfall we have been getting in the Camrose area. It is often nice to look out the window and see the huge soft flakes slowly drift to the ground. The next morning everything is a white wonderland.

Shoveling isn't even that bad if the snow is light enough. And all the

neighbours are out clearing their own sidewalks, with chit-chat in-between. In my neighbourhood, it seems that as soon as one shovel is heard scraping the cement, everyone ventures outside to shovel their own walks.

The only time I grumble about powdery snow is when there is six inches of it and the sidewalks look the same as the street. Despite the

lamppost beside our sidewalk, some moron thought it was the street. Their were tire tracks all down my sidewalk right to the intersection, as it is a corner lot. Who doesn't notice that lampposts never sit four inches from the vehicles door mirrors. Then, when a heavy vehicle has driven all down the sidewalk, it is nearly impossible to clear the snow well. Some people...

Oh well. With all the

snow, it puts me in more of the Christmas spirit. And that reminds me that the holidays and end of semester are near. And how can I forget the biathletes and cross-country skiers. They rejoice with every snowfall, big or little. In fact, a biathlete friend even has a "pray for snow" shirt.

Now, I am going to scout out some cool snowmen.

-Nicole Madu

A Question: Why do we go to College?

By Krista Laroque
Why do we go to College?

This question has often tormented me in times when its 2am, I have an assignment due the next day and I have no idea what I'm doing, but it doesn't look right. Why am I here? Why even bother? These questions,

once thought to be only voiced by myself have proved themselves to be universal at one point or another to each student I've asked (which isn't a representative sample, I agree, but still, there's no one I have talked to that hasn't asked themselves at least one of those

questions at one point or another. If you yourself have not asked yourself these questions at all, then kudos). Hopefully your answer is that you want to further your education. You want to learn and I think deep down inside we do want to learn, we like

knowing things, we like being smart. We want to use our knowledge to do something worthwhile, if it means learning how to access a motive of a character in your play to further draw your audience into your character, you are putting your education to work. If

you are learning the process of evolution to try and decipher where humanity fits into it to better understand where we are going as a species, you are using your education. Every major at our little university is important, same with the education garnered by

each person in every major. Science students spend hours in labs with things that I would need to draw up a picture of to describe, doing things that would make most people gape in amazement. Psychology and sociology students

Continued on page ??

We look forward to all submissions
Office located in F103

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Nicole Madu

Simply Sex

A student perspective on the sexual activity and prevention on campus

Hi everyone, I have a bone or two to pick with some of the silence that happens here on campus so, I thought why not write a column. I am always up for a little controversy. So topic one ... basically that lack of contraception available here on campus. I am sure that at least a few of you have notice (no matter if you are freshman or senior) that there is not one (yes not even one) condom machine here on campus. Also I am not sure but I am pretty sure there is no student cost effective place close to or on campus that would supply us with this much needed commodity.

If you visit the ravine and even a few other places on Campus you will see posters that admonish you to protect yourself (and you totally should 100% every single time) when you have sex. Then you think right, I will follow this excellent

advice and then you are left stranded...no machines anywhere. I realize that some of you may think this is a Christian College so this is totally inappropriate well...we are the U of A now. And, in case you are wondering I know for a fact some Christians do have sex at this University, on this campus. I don't mean this in a belittling way it is just a fact. Also, we are all adults here, by having a machine that makes protecting ourselves a whole easier isn't going to force anyone to have sex. However, if you are having sex or if you decided to, at least you are able to protect yourself and your prospective partner from all sorts of sexual side effects that may not be all the pleasant or convenient.

The administration really should do something about this but, maybe it hasn't occurred to them. Also I hear from

as little bird that there actually has been some protest in the past when the issue of disturbing condoms was proposed. Well, I wonder what the liability issue is in regards to the health and safety of students on campus and how far the extends...into our bedrooms...who knows. It is just a thought but, I think it is only wise for those in control to take control, and provide help to those students who wish to partake in a little extra circular activity.

Now part of the column is for me to vent about some the silence (mostly in relation to simply sexual topics or relationships). But, the editors and I thought it would be great to get feed back and publish them along with the column and if you have questions we will do our best to answer them. Look forward to hearing from all you out there.

Yours Simply,
Sexy Student

National Educational Association of Disabled Students launches scholarship and awards program

OTTAWA, November 27, 2006 - The National Educational Association of Disabled Students (NEADS) became one of four Canadian recipients of donations from BMO Capital Markets' annual Equity Through Education™ program. NEADS is now pleased to announce the creation of the NEADS Equity Through Education Student Scholarships and Award for Campus Groups to assist disabled students.

"Thanks to a \$212,500 donation from BMO Capital Markets, NEADS is proud to introduce our new Equity Through Education Scholarships and Award Program," said Julia Munk, Project Consultant, National Educational Association of Disabled Students. "This program is designed to create equitable opportunities for post-secondary

students with disabilities by offering funding to eligible post-secondary students and campus groups.

"One of the major barriers for students with disabilities in accessing post-secondary education is financial burden above and beyond tuition and cost of living expenses. Disability-related academic accommodations are often expensive," said Ms. Munk. "Students who are not eligible for government loan programs are repeatedly faced with systemic barriers to funding.

"While disability scholarships are one way of alleviating this barrier for students with disabilities, currently, only a limited number of disability-related scholarships are available. Many of these

scholarships are disability-specific. In order to be fully inclusive, NEADS will be providing cross-disability scholarships in its new program that will focus on the student rather than the disability," added Ms. Munk.

As a national disability rights organization, NEADS is dedicated to providing support for community development initiatives on campuses across the country. This is the first award of its kind in Canada. NEADS will be providing assistance to campus groups and committees through the Award for Campus Groups.

For further information on the scholarship and awards program and application forms, please go to the NEADS website: www.neads.ca

My Little Corner of the Universe



Power, as we know it, is a social hierarchy. We as the people are to understand and accept this hierarchy, no questions asked. Thinking about this, the philosopher in me starts to bristle. I want to raise a hand and ask some questions, but considering there is no one around with enough power (and modesty) to answer my question, I figure what the hell, I'll write an article about it instead. That also means that if someone doesn't like this article, oh well. It's called free speech.

Power is something that is granted (or in the case of a tyrant, forcibly taken) to those thought

worthy of holding it. When a leader is elected, or a king enthroned, we as the people expect them to take this granted power, and use it for the betterment of the entire population. And most of the time they do. But sometimes a leader feels that they can do what they please, humiliate and torture subjects, have them killed, extort money...all of that fun stuff we hear about. To illustrate that point, let's see what happened to just a few of those power-tripping maniacs:

Adolf Hitler - Killed himself...apparently wielding power is only good when you win
Richard Nixon - one word...Watergate
Saddam Hussein - To be publicly hanged...if not, he will die anyway
George W. Bush - if this was Iraq he would be hung too
Louis XVI - Guillotined
Napoleon - Poisoned
Bill Lumbergh - The dude from Office Space...his building burns down

Another thing, why would anyone want to wave their power around in the face of the masses? There is only one thing that can ever result from that: revolution. Take the Chinese government for instance...after communist Russia fell, the Chinese felt that communism should also leave China. Instead the government decided to show their power, and a bunch of university students, just like you and me, made history. That kind of strikes me as retarded. Honestly, of all the people to piss off on the face of the earth, why in God's name would you pick the university students? Not only do they demonstrate peacefully, they are smart about it. It isn't a bunch of rednecks throwing stones. They plan to the point of insanity, they demonstrate in packs of hundreds (sometimes thousands), and make everything they are demonstrating against look just plain evil. If you want to see the power of secondary education, spark a rally. University students are hellcats when it comes to rallying for a cause. Another case in point...anyone see that video of the UCLA kid getting tazed? All the other students mass against the security guards, demanding badge numbers, names, etc. and not one punch is thrown. Every one of those guards has been charged, and as far as I know (this is open to correction), fired.

In closing, power is granted, given to those that are thought worthy of it. Power is not something that one should wave over the people, unless that person likes the thought of revolution on their hands. And finally, do not ever piss off university students. We are the future, and in that, we have the power.

-W

Do you like the new layout for the paper?

Let us know!!

Would you like to see the paper contain more controversy, more humour, more real-life campus related information.

Let us know!!

Without feedback, the paper will continue to be this way. So if you truly hate it, or truly like it...

Let us know!!

Drop us an email at: daglightle@augustana.ca

or give us a ring at: 679-1542

We are happy to here from you

-Nicole and Matt

Augustana Writers' Club Presents

Dag Stories

The Red Sox Prayer

Lacy Fidler

Our Red Sox

Who play in Fenway,

Golden be thy gloves.

Hit a home run, and pitch like Cy Young,

A win would be like heaven.

Give us some hope

A reason to believe

And forgive us our disappointment,

As we forgive those who cheer for the Yankees.

You have led us from despair

And delivered us from the curse,

For ours is the Green Monster, Pesky's Pole, and Tessie,

1918 is gone forever,

Go Sox!

In this month's edition, The Daglightle has teamed up with the Augustana Writers' Club to bring you an orgiastic feast for the eyes!!

We have compiled a two-paged extravaganza of poetry, short stories, and personal essays.

So sit back, take your shoes off, have a break, and enjoy!

Would you like to read more from these authors?

Augustana Writers' Club's
Bragi's Diary '06

by
Ian McPhail's
So Many Shepherds

on sale at
Augustana Bookstore
and Poplar Books

Make Great Gifts!

Anchor

-Andrea Martinson

I didn't notice the rat at first. Unimpressed by the sight of crowded, stained, antennae-ridden apartment buildings towering pathetically over harbour-side tourist bars and fancy nightclubs, I happened to glance down at the water. I was so appalled at the abundance of garbage that lined the water's edge—pop cans, napkins, plastic wrappers, scum of any kind—that when I finally noticed the dead rat floating amidst the debris, it barely occurred to me that it was a rat at all. For a moment it seemed just another inanimate piece of refuse, cast away by the careless passersby that thronged the sweltering harbor of Thessaloniki.

What caught my attention were its teeth—two small yellow projections sticking out of the tangled mess like a curse word scribbled onto a billboard. It's always what you notice first. The teeth were small, but I remember speculating that they could probably have done some damage while the rat was alive.

It was lying belly up in a matted carpet of seaweed, sticks, and indiscriminate pieces of plastic. Its greyish-brown fur clung, sticky and infested, to its rigid body, its bloated abdomen stretched into a tight round ball protruding above the level of the water like a balloon pumped full of helium that could fly away at any moment. But this rat was not going anywhere.

I slowed my steps, turning back to get a second look. In Alberta, the Rat Pack exterminators keep the province free of those rodents, so I had never seen a living rat before, let alone a dead one. For a moment I fingered the camera at my neck, considering snapping a quick picture for posterity, but I let my hand drop. Who wants a photo of a dead rat? I thought, and walked on, expecting to forget the incident.

Now, months later, I am wondering why the rat is still with me. Why did it have such an impact on me? And

why did I decide not to take a picture?

It may have been that I was with a group of fellow students who, having spent the morning museum-hopping, were eager to get back to our hotel, and I didn't want to be left behind. Or maybe I felt it wrong somehow to record that unfortunate sight, thinking it might further mar the memory of that dirty city with its wretched past.

Thessaloniki has been cursed with disasters for centuries: invasions, fires, social and economic upheaval, and religious turmoil. The city is crammed full of filthy apartment buildings, busy streets, chain link fences, and strip clubs, and a feeling of uneasiness and deep-seated anger prevails. The locals either glare at tourists or simply ignore them. The town is hot and muggy and reeks of rotting refuse.

I only took one picture while I was in Thessaloniki. It was of the one pretty street in the entire smelly, polluted

town—a street lined with shops and spotted with shrubs flowering white on the green boulevard. Greek men sat at tables in sidewalk cafes playing backgammon, while the dilapidated Rotunda stood at the end of the street like a beacon of a lost culture. But that street doesn't convey the atmosphere of the town: it doesn't hint of the pervading smell of garbage, the traffic, the strip clubs, the guarded, suspicious citizens, the polluted harbor with its oily scum and dead rats. So if it doesn't tell the real story, why would I choose to take only that picture and not take one of the rat?

True, it would have seemed out of place with my pictures of red poppies, green mountains, ancient temples, crystal blue water, and smiling faces. Perhaps I feared it would imbue the rest of my photos with its depressing aura and put a stain on the gloss of my perfect trip. I saw myself looking back at my photo album, years hence, smiling at shots of the Parthenon, the National

Botanical Gardens, and the searing black sand of Kamari Beach, reliving my trip in an idyllic reverie, then cringing in confusion and disgust as I was shaken rudely out of my nostalgia by the picture of the rat. I didn't take a picture of the rat because for three short weeks I was living in a fantasy world where everything I saw took my breath away, and I imagined that with one click of the camera the dream might end.

But now I picture that rat more clearly in my mind than any of the museums or temples; it is imprinted in my memory more deeply than the breathtaking view of Santorini stretching out before me as I quadded up the island's winding hills; its image is more prominent than the dancing sun on the sea, seen from the windy heights of the Venetian fortress at Nafplio. I didn't need a photo, but I see now that I needed the rat. It reminded me that I was real, that the world I was walking in was the same world as the

one I had left thousands of miles behind. It was not the stuff of dreams; in fact, it brought me back to reality, and now, remembering it, the image of the rat assures me that I was really there, that I walked among those temples and climbed to those ripping views, I didn't just see the dizzying columns of the Erechtheion in a travel brochure; I didn't catch a bird's-eye view of the Tholos at Delphi in the IMAX Theater. I know I didn't just read about it or stare at the gorgeous pictures in my *National Geographic Traveler* magazine. I was there.

I know now that we all need our dead bloated rats. These unpleasant things remind us we are still alive. They provide us with an anchor, a bottom line from which to gauge our wonderment: that one pretty street seemed a lot prettier after having seen the rat. So next time I am traveling, I will be sure to keep an eye out for dead bloated rats. And this time I will have my camera ready.

The Question of Absence

I skipped my class today. I had a meeting with another professor that ran into my class time. I could have gone late, but I decided to skip the class and write this article instead because I wanted to address this issue which I feel is a common experience among students.

I skipped the class and felt bad. As soon as I was confronted with this guilt, I began to rationalize the situation in order to appease these feelings. I knew my excuse was valid. I was discussing a class with another professor and furthering my university career. I would have only been 15 minutes late, but I didn't go. Why?

When we, as students, sign up for classes, we make a contract. Sure, we make a contract with the school to pay for the classes, and the professors make a contract with us to address the issues pertinent to a greater understanding of the subject matter, but we make a more personal contract which is rarely recognized.

We, as individuals, make a contract with another individual to be in a certain place at a certain time and be present to address the content of whatever is to be discussed that day. We make a promise to another person, much the same as making a date with a significant other. If your date were to arrive late and be occupied with superficial matters, you would feel slighted. For example, your boyfriend shows up for your date and is so preoccupied with the hockey game he watched with his friends last night that he doesn't even notice that you've cut your hair, carefully did your makeup and chose the outfit that you know he likes best, you would likely spend the rest of the night questioning the validity of your relationship.

In our classes, our professors are our dates; they are the people we meet who are willing to share their knowledge with us in an exchange of good faith. We share this date with our fellow students who are also giving us their time and support. If we skip class, show up late, or are so preoccupied with what we did last night (or the SMS conversation that we are having on our cell phones) that we are unable to engage meaningfully in class, we have slighted all these people.

Responsibility means that we are accountable or answerable for those things which are within our power. The act of contemplating responsibility suggests maturity in our acknowledgement of others. There are expectations inherent in the relationships we create, and if we wish to bring these relationships to their full potential, we must acknowledge these expectations, realize them if we can, and admit our weaknesses if we can't.

To my professor and class, I admit my weaknesses today. To my fellow students, I urge you to look around you and see the human beings who are dependent on your presence. Your absence is noted, and you are missed.

You, Shampoo, and the Respect it is Due

Dylan McConnell

In today's MTV watching, Cosmopolitan reading, and Grand Theft Auto playing youth generation, so much emphasis has been placed on the importance of superficial values like personal wealth, popularity, and perhaps the foundation of these – beauty. The average woman in the United Kingdom (UK) spends nearly \$47,000 (CAD) on cosmetic supplies, while taking almost two years of her life to apply them (Mirror.co.uk). These statistics are certain to be a surprise and may even create a sense of guilt in the minds of self-aware perpetrators. These individuals are focused on the hairspray, eye shadow, mascara, lipstick, nail polish and spray on tanning products that they apply to themselves on a daily basis to improve an image in the mirror that they are likely to regret or even detest when they wake up in the morning. Certainly a great deal of importance is placed on these items, but the most valuable product of all – for men and women alike – often takes a backseat to the glamour and hype of countertop cosmetics, and that product is shampoo.

In terms of all purpose value, there may not be another product out there that does more for the average beauty queen (or king) than shampoo. Originally made by mixing soap shavings with water, today's shampoo does much more than just wash hair. It smooths, volumizes, protects, and unlike most other cosmetic supplies, it leaves the user feeling clean, fresh and natural. There are specialized shampoos to battle tangles, oily hair, dandruff and even lice. It can come in bulk bottles, small bottles for traveling, even esthetically pleasing bottles that are easy to handle in the shower. All of these are available in different fragrances, to leave the hair smelling as fresh as it feels. Truly there is no product more versatile than shampoo.

But the wonder of shampoo does not end with mere physical versatility. Everyday showers would just not be the same without the routine of lathering up your head with that sudsy, fragrant shampoo and massaging the scalp with your fingertips. Shampooing your hair provides you with a momentary feeling of escape. You are alone from the world, and the rhythmic motions of your hands running through your thick, soapy hair carries you away, perhaps even inspiring you to sing, or come up with some of your most brilliant ideas.

Surely, shampoo has received some recognition. For example, it is the main theme of countless TV and magazine ads – some of which, such as the Fructis and Herbal Essences shampoo ads, have affected the popular culture of today. There was a 1975 movie titled Shampoo, a night club in Philadelphia called Shampoo, even an online poetry conglomeration dubbed "Shampoo Poetry."

But because it is the foundation of physical beauty in the cosmetic world, I demand that shampoo be recognized above all other beauty-aids and receive the respect it is due. So the next time you are in the shower, while you "lather, rinse, and repeat," think about the product "sudsing" in your hair, and what it has done for you.

Shocking,

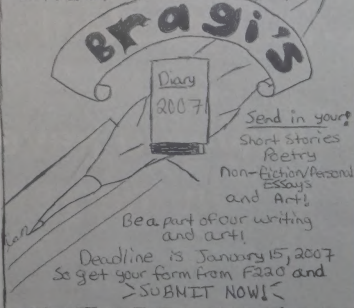
(mildly)

was the rain,
the cold of the rain,
as we walked to your apartment
thru the leaves.
An alone man sits, lifts a cup to his
mouth, the waiter fills his cup.
We walk past, you unhook the latch
and we walk thru the iron gate
and up the stairs to the door.
We shed our coats,
feel the air of the apartment on
our necks, in the dampness of our hair.
I step out of my shoes and sit
on the sofa, as you place cold water onto
the stove for tea.
The air is warm between us as the
water begins to heat. From the
doorway
of the kitchen you look at me,
at the dampness of my hair,
my collar,
the look in my eyes.

Locked are our eyes as the
whistle
of the water sounds. Linger,
one more moment over my eyes and
you turn to pour us tea. My body's already
warned.

This poem continues my exposé on rain and interconnectivity.
Ian McPhail

On Sale at Bookstore
In March!



What to drink - coke or water?

The properties of WATER:

1. 75% of Americans are chronically dehydrated.
2. In 37% of Americans, the thirst mechanism is so weak that it is often mistaken for hunger.
3. Even MILD dehydration will slow down one's metabolism as much as 3%.
4. One glass of water will shut down midnight hunger pangs for almost 100% of the dieters studied in a University of Washington study.
5. Lack of water, the #1 trigger of daytime fatigue.
6. Preliminary research indicates that 8-10 glasses

of water a day could significantly ease back and joint pain for up to 80% of sufferers.

7. A mere 2% drop in body water can trigger fuzz short-term memory, trouble with basic math, and difficulty focusing on the computer screen or on a printed page.

8. Drinking 5 glasses of water daily decreases the risk of colon cancer by 45%, plus it can slash the risk of breast cancer by 79%, and one is 50% less likely to develop bladder cancer.

And now for the properties of COKE:

1. In many states (in the USA) the highway patrol carries two gallons of coke in the truck to remove blood from the highway after a car accident.

2. You can put a T-bone steak in a bowl of Coke and it will be gone in two days.

3. To clean a toilet: Pour a can of Coca-Cola into the toilet bowl and let the "real thing" sit for one hour, then flush clean. The citric acid in Coke removes stains from vitreous China.

4. To remove rust spots from chrome car bumpers:

Rub the bumper with a crumpled-up piece of Reynolds' Wrap aluminum foil dipped in Coca-Cola.

5. To clean corrosion from a car battery terminals: Pour a can of Coca-Cola over the terminals to bubble away the corrosion.

6. To loosen a rusted bolt: Applying a cloth soaked in Coca-Cola to the rusted bolt for several minutes.

7. To bake a moist ham: Empty a can of Coca-Cola into the baking pan, wrap the ham in aluminum foil, and bake. Thirty minutes

before the ham is finished, remove the foil, allowing the drippings to mix with the Coke for a sumptuous brown gravy.

8. To remove grease from clothes: Empty a can of coke into a load of greasy clothes, add detergent, and run through a regular cycle. The Coca-Cola will help loosen grease stains.

9. It will also clean road haze from your windshield.

For Your Info:

1. The active ingredient in Coke is phosphoric acid.

Its pH is 2.8. It will dissolve a nail in about 4 days. Phosphoric acid also leaches calcium from bones and is a major contributor to the rising increase in osteoporosis.

2. To carry Coca-Cola syrup (the concentrate) the commercial truck must use the Hazardous material placards reserved for Highly corrosive materials.

3. The distributors of Coke have been using it to clean the engines of their trucks for about 20 years! Now the question is, would you like a coke or a glass of water?

Horoscopes by the witty Mr. Schumacher

Pisces (Feb 20 - Mar 20)
During this school year, you will be feeling slight euphoria that will make you start wondering if you have super human powers. Avoid bank robberies, tall buildings and vats of oozing toxic waste because you will not, in fact, have super human powers.

Aries (Mar 21 - Apr 20)
Aries, if you don't get that infection checked out soon you will most likely die. I don't care if people say it looks like Bugs Bunny, just do it!

Taurus (Apr 21 - May 21)
Stay away from foods containing almonds and

Italian sausages as they will put you into a hallucinogenic state where you will see nothing but Michael Jackson's nose and Papa Smurf.

Gemini (May 22 - Jun 21)
This month try to avoid class with Dr McMahon as he is scheduled to spontaneously combust during one of his daily rants. If, for some reason he does not combust, he is extremely dangerous and it would be wise to avoid any confrontation.

Cancer (Jun 22 - July 21)
You will be facing heavy criticism this

month from people saying that you are immature for your age and that you should really grow up. What do those poopie-heads know anyway? Let's beat them up and steal their lunch money.

Leo (July 23 - Aug 22)
Dreams of flying with the Queen of England on a magic carpet over the great country of Turkey while dining on ham sandwiches will haunt you this month. Be wary, these dreams could possibly mean that you will experience a life-altering event that will ultimately change your perspective on life, or

absolutely nothing will happen.

Virgo (Aug 23 - Sept 23)
Try drinking less this month. It may or may not lead to floors NOT being lit on fire, being woken up by a police officer in the field, burnt feet, peanut butter puke, and crazy random nameless fornication.

Actually...this may lead you to drink more. Damn.

Libra (Sept 24 - Oct 23)
You may experience "déjà vu" as the same insane man kicks you in the shin twice in one day. In the words of Peter Griffin.....Ahhhhhhhh

Shhhhhhh...Ahhhhhhhh
Shhhhh...Ahhhhhh
Shhhhhhh

Scorpio (Oct 24 - Nov 22)
You will discover a new dialect of English this month only to find out that it's actually Spanish. Say, I didn't know you speak Spanish.

Sagittarius (Nov 23 - Dec 21)
Finally the man/woman of your dreams talks to you. Unfortunately...they subsequently tell you to stop following them and leaving notes, phone messages, candy grams, flowers, etc.

Capricorn (Dec 22 - Jan 20)
Capricorn, you are

extremely lazy. I mean, you are so lazy that nearby ants will soon form a colony on your chest and will attempt to establish electricity by plugging your fingers into the nearest electrical outlet. You've been warned.

Aquarius (Jan 21 - Feb 19)
Aquarius, you are by far the coolest cat in town this month. Unfortunately, this will lead you into thinking that you actually are a cat. Try to avoid tuna, milk, and dead birds for a while, and please, please, stop licking yourself.

Happy New Year Augustana students and staff!

May you have good fortune in the year to come.

From: The Dagligtale

Sports

Augustana students win big at the CFR

by Lisa Gunderson
November 16, 2006

Two brothers, one currently a student at Augustana, the other an alumnus, have taken the top prize for team roping at this year's Canadian Finals Rodeo.

Rodeo championship. Brett and Justin McCarroll won the championship in Edmonton last weekend after securing more points than any other team over five days and nights of competition. "It's the biggest thing to win in Canada," Brett says, "It's what everyone is trying to win." For their victory, the brothers secured \$36,000 in prize money,

gold buckles, and a bronze trophy.

Team roping is a sport that takes precision, agility, speed, and – of course – teamwork. At the buzzer, a team of men on horses shoot out of the gate after a steer. In their team, Justin acts as the header, his job is to rope the steer around the horns and then turn the steer so that the heeler, Brett, can rope its feet. The McCarroll brothers secured their spot at the CFR by being among the year's top 12 money winning teams in Canada – no small feat in and of itself. They won the championship by having

the best overall score through a total of six heats during the CFR week; their fastest time was 4.9 seconds.

It is impressive for any team to win at the CFR; even more impressive is to do it at the ages of 20 and 23 years old, respectively. Brett and Justin have been roping since they were small, both beginning around the age of five on their farm near Daysland, Alberta. Their father, Dirk McCarroll was himself a Canadian champion in 1989, so they were learning from one of the best. Team roping offers athletes a lot more events

in which to compete than do other rodeo sports such as bullriding – plus, it is significantly safer. This means that team ropers can find themselves on the road every weekend, if they wish, to compete at events throughout Canada and the United States.

This year, the first that they spent together as a team in pro rodeo, Justin and Brett competed at 35 events in Canada and 10 in the U.S.; they've been everywhere from Williams Lake BC to Wyoming. The past month or so has required even more practice time from them. "At times, it seems

like I spend more time on rodeo than school," Brett says with a grin. They even installed panels in their home arena to mimic the size of the CFR venue in Edmonton, which is a smaller, more narrow space than usual – something that made the competition even more difficult.

And now, all that hard work has paid off. Brett says that their goal for the future is to make the CFR every year. But for now, both brothers are looking forward to taking a short break from team roping to focus on their lives away from rodeo. Justin, who graduated from

Augustana with a degree in History and Political Studies, is currently teaching a bit of everything at the Kingman Cornerstone School just north of Camrose. Brett is currently in his third year of a Bachelor of Arts in Physical Education with a History minor. He plans to go into the Faculty of Education next year, the same as Justin. Rodeo will continue to be a part of his life, though. After all, he says, "it's a pretty cool summer job."

Hockey Update

The Vikings hosted the Briarcrest Clippers for a two-game home series in the first ACAC league games of the winter semester. On Friday night the Vikings got off to a quick start with a power-play marker by Tyler Bellamy. Later in the period the Clippers battled back to tie the game. Shane Marsh made some key saves for the Clippers as the Vikings fired 17 shots his direction in the first period. The Clippers took a 2-1 lead in the second period converting a 3 on 1 attack.

Aaron Hareuther tied the game for the Vikings and Cale Thurston added a power-play goal to give the Vikings a 3-2 lead after 40 minutes. Late in the game, the Clippers pulled their goalie for an extra attacker with 0.5 seconds left on the clock. The Clippers were able to find the twine and tied the game 3-3 and sent it into overtime. The Vikings out-shot the Clippers 6 –

2 in the overtime period but couldn't get one by Marsh and the game ended tied at 3-3. The Vikings were 2 for 5 on the power play, 10 for 10 on the penalty kill, and out-shot the Clippers 56 to 47. Kirk Laird was selected the Vikings' game star with a strong performance between the pipes making some key saves throughout the game.

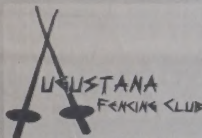
The Vikings were back in Max McLean arena on Saturday afternoon, along with the CBC crew for Hockey Day in Canada and a very good crowd of fans. The Vikings ran into some penalty issues in the first period and found themselves down 1-0 after the first 20 minutes. The second period was all Vikings as the home squad fired 22 shots at the Clipper goaltender. Chris Carr opened the scoring for the Vikings, Dustin Claffey added a short-handed goal, Charles Burd

notched his first ACAC goal, and Chris Carr added another short-handed goal to give the Vikings a 4-1 lead. The Vikings played well defensively in the third period and Kirk Laird was steady in the Vikings net. With 0:52 left in the game, Aaron Hareuther would go end to end, to score his eighth goal of the season in a much needed 5-1 win.

Defenceman Chris Carr was named the Vikings' game star with a two-goal performance. Kirk Laird played well in the Vikings goal making 33 saves.

The Vikings face the NAIT Ooks on the January 19-20 weekend. The Ooks are coming off a two-game series sweep against the first place SAIT Trojans with wins of 4-3 and 8-3. The Vikings will be at NAIT on Friday night at 7:00 p.m. and are hosting the Ooks on Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

-article found and reprinted from Augustana website



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Augustana Fencing Club

Sofie Forsstrom, President
608-2627
sofie@ualberta.ca

Mark Prescott, VP
678-0841
markp@ualberta.ca

Have any sports highlights for us??
Have a picture or two??

Send it in to:
dagligtale@augustana.ca

OR, drop by F205

Review of Augustana Production: Unity

The lights dimmed, the audience silenced, the play was about to begin. I attended the play Unity (1918), which was directed by Kevin Suley and performed by Augustana students. Opening night, there I was in the midst of a packed theatre, not knowing what to expect. And what I found, was pure entertainment.

The play was excellent in all aspects. Highly entertaining, yet depressingly real. For those who did not have the pleasure of seeing it live, here is a brief summary. The year is 1918 and the setting is Unity, Saskatchewan. World War I was at a close and the soldiers were returning home. However, with their return comes a

dangerous flu... a plague. The Spanish Flu hits the country hard and quickly makes its way to the small town of Unity. Masks must be worn and citizens are advised to remain indoors.

Yet, out of the sorrows of death rise life and love. The pandemic sweeps through the town, having no mercy on who it takes. In the end, only a handful remain alive. The curtain closes.

The play brings to light the Spanish Flu which is often overshadowed by the grandness of the war. However, when the numbers are crunched out, the pandemic took 20 to 40 million lives which is double the casualties of the war.

After the play, playwright Kevin Kerr

answered a few questions from the audience. One of the main questions was about the history of the pandemic and how closely the play followed the history books. Kerr replied that he had done much research on the flu, talking to many elderly people from Saskatchewan who had survived through it. They told him what really happened when their lives were turned upside down in fear.

Kerr believes that people fear yet crave disasters such as the end of the world. The character of Sissy, who was young and full of energy, thrived on the idea that the end was near, that those alive would be the last alive on earth. There would be no more

generations. That is an interesting way of looking at it, one that I don't think I've considered. If the millennium had been the end of the world, all of us would have been the last generation that survived on earth. The thought is scary, perhaps too realistic for me to want to think about.

I left the theatre centre after the production, with a sense of awe. I was blown away by the history that the play presented. The way it was enacted and set up was intelligent. And, for me, the most breathtaking part of the entire play was the last scene with the song. The most beautiful voices I have heard in a long, long time.

-Nicole Madu

Ode to Randomness

I said, "All right
I'll see you tonight
When all is well
And the stars are right
When we all come together
A wonderful time
When what's yours is ours
And what's ours is MINE"
And what better a place
Than here in this room
Let us be disgraced
And end life in doom
For never was there
More amazing a man
Than you when you came
When you said not that you can
For in your words I could tell
They were wounded
A sorrowful horror to escape
But you soon did
What the night told you to
The shadow they sent forth
To rid the treacherous ecstasy
From the bitter tarnished north
So you will or you won't
What a questionable question
Only the future can tell
Without a suggestion

The result of a late night

The mind creates wonderful things when it has been exhausted from a long day, as this submission shows

And then the dark lord of the sixth arose from the depths of morder, and called out the name of the one true evil from the depths of hell. As Frodo crossed the barrier of light, he unleashed the lightsaber and screamed forth in defiance of the dark ones over evil. Battle was joined; like the clash of titans or the street wars of greek mafia, the ground shook with the fury of their might.

Back and forth the battle raged, then the enemy it was engaged. Out of nowhere, x-wings dropped out of hyperspace, and screamed through the air, locking their photon torpedos on target, wedge Antilles shouted "now lads, release it!" and they peeled away in Z formation. At that very moment, Harry Potter grasped his wand, and stood forth in defiance of the wrath of Lex Luthors darkness. Dracula erupted forth from the earth at Harry Potter's command, and laughed forth an attack upon Skeletor himself. He-man shouted out a thunderous cry, "go Harry go, damn you sexy". Harry Potter took a brief moment to throw him a wink.

Skeletor was not to be outdone, and with a magical burst of magic, he totally phoned up the

wicked with of the west on his cell phone, and was all like, damn you, these homies be hatin', I need backup. In a flash of lightning, she leapt upon her broomstick, and said, - take us to light speed R2D2, - there is a disturbance in the force yonder - whereupon, R2, said beep boop, and done- and she arrived on the scene negative seconds later, and started into some fancy ass magic stuff. BAM, SHAZZAM, POW- and batman came down. He looked about him and said, - robin, we ain't in no batcave anymore - robin started freakin', so he put on the call, and the ninja turtles came to totally shred up some shell. - C O W A B U N G A DUDES, - meanwhile, in the Pokemon dimension, some totally wicked bizzaro scientist recreated the hero of yore, Zorro himself, and send him back through time to chance the course of history that would be decided at this very battle, so that humanity could live on.

Zorro appeared- riding out of the mist on the most valiant of all noble horse steed - my little...ponymy little pony tossed her braided purple main, with pink barrettes, sending a shower of sparkles up around Zorro

in an aura of happiness. Happily, Zorro whipped out his big phaser, set it for stun, and laid forth into the fray of enemies surrounding him. Back and forth the battle went, more bad boys had to be send. The tide was in the good guys favour, till the wicked witch used some magic to save her, the badass mof from the east side of town cane down, and was all like, what up, I'm evil. The pikachu had arrived, the power of the pikachu threatened to destroy them all, inot for the hulk, SMASHING THEM DOWN, damn you, it was bloooooddy. Then, bad boy magnet brought in some magnets, and started with some freaky magnetic fighting techniques that had NEVER BEEN SEEN. But then, the uber dupe super trooper tag team of many came down, and EVERYBODY WAS KUNG FU FIGHTING- Chuck Norris, Jet li, Jackie Chan, Bruce Lee, Chow Yung fat himself.....they was all mixin it up....KUNG FU STYLE. Hardcore maximum extreme to the power of hardcore extreme. Uberized. Sauraman summoned some sexy suber powered skillful defense, and materialized. Michael Jackson so sex them all up good, in a sick way. Batman stood forth and stated quietly- your just

gross. Go away. Now. You have no friends. We all hate you. - and Michael Jackson ran away crying. A battle royal indeed could not be complete without... gummy bears. And gummy bears there were plenty, streaming out of the tree, bouncing here, there and everywhere, high adventures thus beyond compare, they were the gummy bears. The most ferocious opponents of all, Skeletor knew of their prowess in battle, and promptly went himself.

It was time for the last ditch defense. It was time for their last ace in the hole. It was time....for george bush. George bush crawled up from the blackest bowels of hell's gaping abyss, and set forth with bombing their country's ass. The tide turned. Hope weakened, and wavered on the edge of a knife.

The very last second, the very last fraction of a quarter of a millisecond before they were all DEAD.....the care bears came to care with care bear caring. And they cared so much, Skeletor, the wicked witch of the west and pikachu felt their hearts grow three sizes. And they were all happy. And had a picnic.

Yay! D

Ever heard of the old saying "curiosity killed the cat"?

Well, we like to think we are not cats and we are curious about what is going on around campus. So, let us know about your purr-tacular news because as we have been told all our scholastic lives.... someone else probably has the same question as you.

So, what is going on around campus? Don't leave your fellow students in the dark. Turn on the light for them!

Contact information
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(780) 679-1542
Office location: F205



Professor Profiles

Dr. 'Doc' Larson

1. What do you teach?

Two major teaching areas: Biology in Sciences with ecology & arthropods as specialties

Physical Education: luge (2-PAC courses); outdoor education (past)

Coaching (a type of teaching): Camrose Luge Club & AB Natural Luge Team

atmosphere with extraordinary people that one discovers in the faculty, staff, students and alumni; how open the institution has been to developing education of the whole person with an emphasis on hand-on experiential learning; the sense of this being the "niche where I belong".

2. Where do you live?

The City of Camrose since moving into Alberta in Fall, 1971.

3. Where is your hometown?

Born and raised in South Dakota.

4. How many years have you been teaching at Augustana? Teaching in general?

Taught 37 years, 35 of them at Augustana.

5. Why do you like Augustana?

The small 'family'

6. Do you have any really memorable moments with the students here on this campus?

A great many of them over the years - more often than not associated with outdoor learning experiences where I shared leadership roles with people like Garry Gibson, Morten Asfeldt and Doris Audet. Individual experiences like butterflies landing on your hand or meeting a mountain lion on a river bank. Experiences with students, standing in awe as we were led in the wilderness by a blind student to all types of 'eureka' experiences like



Photo submitted by Dr. Larson

watching students fall in love with entomology.

7. Single or married?
Married to Lois Larson

since 1964 with three grown children and three grandchildren.

8. DOB? 1942.

9. What are your interests?

Reading, grandchildren, experiences in the field, entomology.

10. Do you have any pets?

Every insect I encounter qualifies as a 'pet'.

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Quote of the Month

"Human beings, by changing the inner attitudes of their minds, can change the outer aspects of their lives."

-William James

Photo of the Month

Two photos were selected for the photo of the month competition. These are the winners!!

Send us your crazy photos to have them featured on the back of next month's edition!!!

